

## When Villians Come Back

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Summary: This story takes place shortly after the events of the movie. Mr. Potter dies and comes back as a ghost, and just for fun he goes to torment George Bailey and his family.

## When Villians Come Back

Christmas Day came and everybody was happy. Nobody seemed to remember Mr. Potter who remained unpunished for his selfish deeds. The old crab spent the Holiday alone, aside from his loyal assistant who stayed by his side to push his throne-like wheelchair. He was now even richer than he was before thanks to the \$8,000 which he found and kept. However, the money didn't make up for the fact that Mr. Potter's health was slowly deteriorating. That New Year's Eve, he came down with a bad cough. His assistant helped him into bed and called the doctor. Potter's breathing got worse by the minute. The doctor got there as soon as he could but there wasn't much he could do. Potter's lungs were infected and inflamed. He had pneumonia.

Now on his deathbed, Mr. Potter thought about all the terrible things he had done during his lifetime. He had been greedy, selfish, miserly, stubborn, crabby, and cruel. He had committed many sins throughout his life and he took pride in each one. Living life as a villain certainly made him unpopular, but it was worth it. He was going to die friendless, but it didn't matter. He had gotten all the enjoyment he wanted out of life, simply by being a mean old buzzard that lived for his money. He did have one regret thoughâ€”the wish that he could have done more to torment the likes of George Bailey and his kind.

The lights in his room were turned down low. His vision was darkening fast. He could barely stop coughing long enough to breathe. His chest was rising and falling with great pain. He shivered with chills despite his blankets. He was alone now, his doctor and assistant having left him to rest. They knew he would likely not survive to see the New Year. Perhaps he would have more to do in the afterlife. Potter closed his eyes and released his final labored breath.

Potter opened his eyes. He stared up at the ceiling for a moment. All of a sudden, he felt wide awake. He then sat up in bed, startled by how easy it was to do. He pushed away his blanket and reached for his wheelchair. But then he got a sudden surge of energy. He didn't want to sit in his wheelchair anymore, he wanted to stand up. So he threw his legs off the bed and put his feet on the cold floor. He wobbled a little but soon managed to stand all by himself. He then took a few steps across the floor, quivering with excitement and confusion. How was this possible? He hadn't taken a step in years. His legs had previously been damaged by Polio, yet he was now walking. He didn't even feel sick anymore. It was like a miracle.

Then it dawned on him. Potter froze and glanced around the room. There was a candle flickering on the nightstand. He walked over to the candle and slowly put his index finger over the flame. He felt no heat so he brought his finger closer until he was touching the flame. His fingertip was now engulfed in the burning flame, yet he felt no pain whatsoever. His assumption had been correct. He was a ghost.

Mr. Potter stared for a long moment at his flaming fingertip. He grinned ear to ear as he thought about what this meant. The possibilities were endless. He now had more freedom than ever before in his life. His mind raced, trying to decide what he should do first. The decision was so difficult. Finally, he decided to pay a visit to George Bailey.

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Mary went upstairs to check on the children "they were all sleeping like angels. They wanted to stay awake until midnight, bless their little hearts. Especially Zuzu, who wanted to be with her daddy rather than go to sleep. Mary smiled fondly at the sleeping children, before going back downstairs to join George and Uncle Billy who were in the kitchen having coffee.

"What time is it?" asked George.

"Still two hours and ten minutes until midnight," Mary said, taking a look at his almost empty coffee cup. "Do you want some more coffee?"

"Why do people stay awake all night on New Year's Eve anyway?" George wondered, aloud. "What does it accomplish?"

"It makes you really tired on New Year's Day," Mary replied, jokingly. "Do you want some more coffee?"

George nodded, clearing his throat. "You know, I've a got a good mind to go straight to bed."

"You can't do that, George. You'll disappoint the children," Uncle Billy said, sipping his coffee.

"How will that disappoint the children?" asked George.

Mary poured some more coffee into George's cup and put it back on the table. "They're counting on you to stay up," she said. "Little Zuzu wants to know exactly what a New Year looks like."

George picked up his cup and took a small sip. "What does she expect me to see?"

Mary shrugged. "I don't know but she's certain something's going to happen."

Suddenly, George felt a slight breeze against the back of his neck. He thought it was strange since there were no doors or windows open. He chose to ignore it and continued drinking his coffee.

"Did you see that spider web in your cupboard?" asked Uncle Billy.

"What spider web?" asked Mary, eyes widening slightly.

"There's a spider web your cupboard," he repeated simply. "I've got lots of spiders at my place. I've got them all sizes."

Mary opened her mouth to respond but suddenly felt a tap on the back of her head. She whirled around to see who it was, only to find nobody behind her.

"What's wrong, dear?" George asked.

"I...I thought felt someone touch me," she replied, looking around the kitchen.

Uncle Billy glanced warily at George, who stood up and patted his wife on the shoulder. "We're both a little tired," he said, stifling a yawn.

"I'm positive I felt something," Mary insisted.

"Do you want to go to bed?"

"No, I'll be alright."

George went back to sit down, but quickly turned his head when he saw something move out of the corner of his eye — something like a dark shadow.

"Hey, is somebody playing tricks around here?" George asked, narrowing his eyes as he looked around the room.

"Don't look at me," Uncle Billy said, as he grabbed a napkin. Just as he started to use the napkin, it slipped out of his hand and fell under the table. "Oh, excuse me," he said, reaching down to pick it up. But when he tried to retrieve the napkin, it slid away from him — almost as if someone had yanked it out of his reach. Puzzled at this, Uncle Billy got on all fours and reached for the napkin again. This time, the napkin jumped away and flew across the floor, almost as if by magic.

Uncle Billy became more earnest, trying to grab the offending napkin by pouncing like a wildcat. Still, it continued to escape his grasp. He ended up chasing the napkin all over the kitchen floor, much to the shock of George and Mary.

Suddenly, a deep dark chuckle echoed through the house. \_"Hello,

George Bailey"Can you see me? I can see you!"

George spun around in disbelief, searching for the source of the taunting voice. "Who are you?!" he shouted into space.

"Georgie Porgie, Pudding and Pie"Kissed the boys and made them cry!"

"SHOW YOURSELF!"

An icy wind blew through the kitchen, causing the frightened threesome to hug themselves and shiver. Then another evil cackle rang through the house. The dishes began to rattle and shake. The lights began to flicker and flash.

The dark silhouette of a man appeared in the window for a second, and then disappeared.

Mary clung to George, who looked around for a weapon. Uncle Billy was completely shaken up as well. He stayed close to George too.

"Oh, Georgie Boy"Why didn't you come to my bedside when I was sick?"

"Who are you?" Mary called.

Suddenly, a dark mist began to form overhead. Inside the black cloud appeared the face of someone dreaded. Someone baldheaded and mean-looking. He glowered down at his three former enemies.

"Mr. Potter?"

"In the flesh," he chuckled. "Well, sort of"

"What"What happened to you?" asked Mary.

"Oh, I've been a little under the weather," Potter replied.

"You look pale," Uncle Billy remarked.

"Makes sense," Potter said, smirking. "I died at my home just a few minutes ago."

George locked eyes with Mr. Potter as he slowly approached the looming intruder. "You're a ghost then?"

"Don't you believe in ghosts, Mr. Bailey?"

"I believe in angels."

Potter laughed. "Well, ghosts aren't quite the same thing I'm afraid!"

"C-Can you hurt us?" asked Uncle Billy, nervously.

"My children are asleep upstairs! You wouldn't harm a child, would you?" Mary inquired, shivering.

Potter laughed again. "No, I don't believe I could even if I wanted to. But I am here to have myself some amusement!"

George frowned, training his eyes on the ghostly figure. "How do you plan to that, Mr. Potter?"

"Allow me a moment to humanize myself and I'll show youâ€¦ just how real a ghost can be." And with that, Potter transformed himself from a head in the mist to a full-size man. He was now the exact same Mr. Potter that everyone knew and hated â€" except he was standing on two feet.

George took a step forward and clenched his fists.

"Tsk, tsk!" Mr. Potter scolded him teasingly. "Don't even bother. I'm a ghost, remember?"

"What are you going to do with us?" asked Uncle Billy.

"I don't know yet, but for startersâ€¦" Potter raised his arms and at once, a legion of stray ropes were produced out of thin air. The ropes attacked George, Mary, and Uncle Billy â€" lashing them each to a separate chair. Potter waved his arm and the knots were tightened, binding the trio's hands behind their backs and their ankles to the chair legs.

"Let us go this instant!" Mary demanded.

"We haven't done anything wrong!" Uncle Billy cried.

"Whatever trick you've got up your sleeve, tell us what it is, or I'll rip the answers out of you myself!" George threatened.

Mr. Potter grinned evilly and rubbed his hands together. "Let's see nowâ€¦ How shall I have my fun with you three?"

Nobody noticed the big spider that had crawled out of the cupboard and was now scurrying across the floor, towards Potter's hostages.

"I can't hurt any of you," Potter went on, strolling back and forth in front of the three chairs. "That would be physically impossible for me, considering I am a ghost. But there must be another wayâ€¦ Any suggestions, folks?"

"Go take a flying leap into some tar," George growled.

The spider ran over to Uncle Billy's right leg, and crawled into his pants.

"Is there any way we can talk you out of this, Mr. Potter?" asked Mary, hopefully.

Potter laughed and shook his head.

George leaned closer to Mary and whispered, "Dear, whatever he does to us, try not to make a lot of noise. We don't want the children coming down here and finding themselves in this predicament too."

Mary nodded. "Right."

"Stop talking!" barked Potter, as he tried to figure out what kind of torture he would inflict on his helpless hostages.

Suddenly, Uncle Billy began squirming and giggling uncontrollably. Everybody looked at him.

"What's so funny?!" Potter shouted at him.

"Heeheeheehee! Th-There's something on my leg! Heeheeheehee! It tickles!" he squealed.

George rolled his eyes. As if this situation wasn't embarrassing enough already.

Mr. Potter raised an eyebrow. "Ohâ€¦you're ticklish, eh?"

"G-Get it off! Heeheehehahahahaha! Please, but don't hurt it!"

Potter knelt down and shoved his hand up Uncle Billy's pants leg, reaching around for the spider. Uncle Billy writhed and laughed even more hysterically. Potter's hand was tickling his calf and knee.

"There, got it," said Potter, as he withdrew his hand and held the spider in his palm. Normally, Potter would have crushed the spider right then and there, but being a ghost made that impossible. He put the spider on the floor and let it crawl away.

Uncle Billy took a minute to catch his breath and calm down. Potter grinned evilly, now he knew exactly what he was going to do. Then, as if on cue, he noticed a long black feather on the floor beside Uncle Billy's chair.

"Hey, where did this come from?" asked Potter, holding up the long feather.

"Oh, that belongs to my raven," Uncle Billy said. "He sheds feathers sometimes."

"Is that so? Well, remind me to thank him," Potter chuckled, as he came forward and quickly removed Uncle Billy's shoes and socks.

"What are you doing?" asked Uncle Billy, trembling as his bare feet were propped up on the table and his toes were tied back with string.

Mr. Potter said nothing but simply took his position. He began tickling Uncle Billy's feet with the feather.

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! STOP! PLEASE STOP! HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! DON'T TICKLE ME!" Uncle Billy pleaded through his laughter.

Mr. Potter was stroking the feather slowly up and down his bare soles. This experience reminded Uncle Billy of when his nephew George was a little boy. Sometimes the playful youngster tickled his uncle's feet to make him laugh. Uncle Billy remembered how torturous it used to be when little George would sneak into his room and tickle his

feet when he was in bed. Poor Uncle Billy was even forced to keep shoes on constantly during the day so George wouldn't tickle him. Those years were long behind them though, since George was an adult now and seldom took interest in messing with his uncle. But now Uncle Billy was reliving those memories and it was even worse this time, because now he was completely restrained and helpless.

"Coochie coochie coochie coo!" Potter chuckled, as he let the feather glide along the unlucky man's heels and insteps. Potter's evil eyes gleamed with sadistic pleasure. He brushed the feather against the balls of his feet, before going back to tickle his insteps again.

Uncle Billy threw his head back and bucked wildly in his seat. He laughed and squealed and shrieked. Tears fell from his eyes. His feet wriggled around as they desperately looked for some relief. But there was no escaping the tickle torture. He couldn't even curl up his toes because of the string that restrained them.

"OOOooooHH HAHAHAHAHAHAAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!  
PLEASE NOT THERE! HEEEEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!  
THE TOES! NOT THE TOHOHOHOES!" he screamed, as Potter drove the feather back and forth between his toes. The feather also found the vulnerable undersides of his toes and gently caressed this deathly ticklish spot.

This continued for fifteen minutes before George took pity on his uncle. "Hey, hey, why don't you go pick on somebody else?" he seethed.

At this, Potter stopped tickling Uncle Billy and turned to George. "Have you got something to say, Mr. Bailey?"

"I said leave him alone!" George barked.

Potter chuckled, twirling the feather around between his fingers. "But I'm just beginning. I haven't had this much fun in years!"

"Untie us! Now!"

Potter shook his head. "No, I think it's time for you to have a turn."

"Me?" asked George.

"Certainly," Mr. Potter replied. "Aren't you ticklish as well?"

"Of course not!" George said, quickly.

Potter raised an eyebrow, as he took position at George's feet. He removed the younger man's shoes and socks.

"What do you think you're doing?!" George demanded.

Potter didn't answer, but simply grabbed the feather and drew it up and down George's soles.

"Stop it," George hissed through clenched teeth. He was holding his breath.

Potter continued to attack, occasionally glancing up and observing how well George was holding out. He assumed George would be a hard nut to crack, but he wasn't ready to give up anytime soon.

"You might as well laugh, Mr. Bailey. I'm not stopping until you do! In fact, I may never stop at all. You may not be as ticklish as your uncle but you can't hold out forever," Mr. Potter gloated, as he swirled the feather in fast circles on George's heels.

This caused George to show visible strain on his face. He bit down on his lip as the first beads of sweat formed on his forehead.

Still, Mr. Potter pressed on. He was very patient, running the feather lightly into George's insteps. The younger man's face turned bright red and he began to shake. Finally, he couldn't control himself any longer. He had to giggle just a bit. "Hehehehahahaha! Stohohohop!"

But this only spurred Potter on and made him more determined to drive George into hysterics. Potter then dragged the feather across the pads of his toes, up and down his insteps, and in torturous circles on the balls of his feet.

George finally let loose and laughed up a storm.  
"BAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! TH-THIS IS A DISASTER!  
HOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO! A CATASTROPHE! P-POTTER, YOU'VE GONE MAD!  
HAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

"Georgie Porgie, Pudding and Pie! Got tickled mercilessly until he cried," Potter sang, as he danced the tip of the feather along his toes. For the next ten minutes, Potter exploited every nerve in George's helpless feet. He feathered the heels, arches, and balls of the feet. A wicked grin was plastered across the old ghost's face. He had finally broken the mighty George Bailey, the great man whom he had caused so much trouble for in the past. As if that wasn't enough, Potter wanted to cause him yet more suffering and was doing a good job at it.

"YOU OLD COOT! AAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! LEAVE MY FEET ALONE!" George yelled.

"I refuse to stop until you shed some tears!" Potter declared, hungrily. "I must have tears!"

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA DAMN YOU!"

It took half an hour but sure enough, George eventually had tears running down his cheeks despite promising that it would never happen. Then Mr. Potter stopped, giving him a badly needed rest. George gasped for air as he slumped forward in his seat, almost exhausted.

Mr. Potter continued to grin wickedly as he strolled over to Mary and touched her cheek. "I see you've been patiently awaiting your turn, my pretty."

"St-Stay away from her," George ordered, panting.

"Don't do this," Mary pleaded with Potter.



Potter pouted his lip in mock sympathy. He then reached downward and removed her shoes. Mary kept her nerve and continued to lock eyes with him. Potter grabbed the feather and held it in front of her face. "Mr. Feather here says I can do whatever I like," he said, coldly.

Mary glared at him. "You are a cruel being, Mr. Potter."

"Thank you but flattery will get you nowhere," he said with a smile. Then he propped up her bare feet and got to work on her pretty soles.

Mary managed to hold back her giggles for a few seconds, but it didn't take long for her to crack.  
 "EeeeeeeheheheheHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEEEEE! MR. POTTER, STOP THAT!  
 AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

"Stop you say? So sorry, Madame. But I can go on like this for hours," Potter quipped, gliding the feather up and down her arches and under her toes.

Mary laughed even harder and fought violently in her bonds. She absolutely hated being tickled.

"Hey, stop!" George shouted, becoming defensive although he was in an equally helpless position.

Potter ignored him and kept on tickling. He let the feather brush the balls of her feet, before traveling down to her arches and heels. He made sure each part of her soles got equal attention.

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! NOOOOOO! NO MORE!  
EEEEEEHEEEHEEEHEEEHEEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE! I CAN'T TAKE ANYMORE!" Mary howled,  
as she bucked and writhed in her seat.

This went on for about ten minutes before Potter gave her a break. "Well, that was quite enjoyable," he mused. "Now what should I next?"

"No more tickling!" Mary begged.

"We can't stand another second of this inhuman torture!" George added.

Mr. Potter laughed an evil laugh. He looked at his three victims and shook his head in pity. "You really think this is over? We're just getting started, my friends!"

"What are we going to do, George?" whispered Mary.

"He's a ghost. He'll have to cross over eventually," George said.

"But when?" she asked.

Potter walked back over to Uncle Billy and began tickling his feet again. This time, Potter used his fingers. He scribbled his fingers all over the man's tender bare soles.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! NOT AGAIN!  
NOOOOOO! SOMEBODY HELP ME! HEEEEHEEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEE! PLEASE! IT  
TICKLES TOO MUCH!"

George tried not to laugh but he was weakened from the last session. He couldn't hold back any longer than a few seconds.  
"GAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! OOOOHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA QUIT TICKLING!"

She squealed and burst out laughing. "EEEEEEEEHEHEHEHEHEEEEEHEEE! NO STOP! STOOOOP! HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! NO MOOOORE!"

Sure enough, there were benevolent beings keeping watchful eyes on the victims. They decided that Potter's spirit had caused enough trouble. It was time for the old coot to say goodbye to the world. Little did he know, however, that his minutes were limited. His hourglass was running down without him even knowing it. He thought he had all the time in the world to torment George Bailey and his family, but he would soon cross over. His bastard spirit would be going home very soon. His new home was to be a place full of wailing and gnashing of teeth.

End  
file.